

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

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Sci-Fi Con
Unveiled

POETRY

The Swizzles

ALSS and ALSSr

Why Max Must be Caged

Seasonal Mushrooms



POLICE "M" BOX

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About the Cover: Jami Mills had her trusty camera out at just the right time and captured the face and spirit of this year's Sci-Fi Con, put on each year by Relay For Life, the organization that's done so much to raise awareness (and money) to fight cancer.



“We love the
things we love
for what they are.”

Robert Frost



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AFTER DARK

— LOUNGE —

on Idle Rogue

R. DARK
J
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THE HOUSE OF



Sakura

EXPERIENCE THE BEST IN
SIP CHAMPAGNE, AND ENJOY
WITH SL'S PREMIER COUNTRY
ROMANCE, ELEGANCE, AND

CONTACT LYNN MIMISTRO



IN SUBTLE FLIRTATION,
ENJOY INTELLIGENT CONVERSATION
COURTESANS.

AND INTIMACY.

ROBELL INWORLD

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**40 GALLERIES ON THE SIM
& IN THE HOTEL**

WE HAVE POETRY ~

**SUNDAY OPEN MIC AND GUEST
BLUE ANGEL POETRY DIVE**

WE HAVE LIVE MUSIC

FEATURING MANY TALENTS

ROOMS AND GALLERIES FOR RENT

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A digital illustration of a futuristic city at dusk. In the foreground, a dark train with large windows is visible. To the left, a curved building with a grid of glowing windows is partially shown. In the background, a tall, dark building with a glowing orange section is visible against a blue and orange sky. A bright light source, possibly a train or a building, is visible in the distance on the right. The overall scene is dark with some glowing elements.

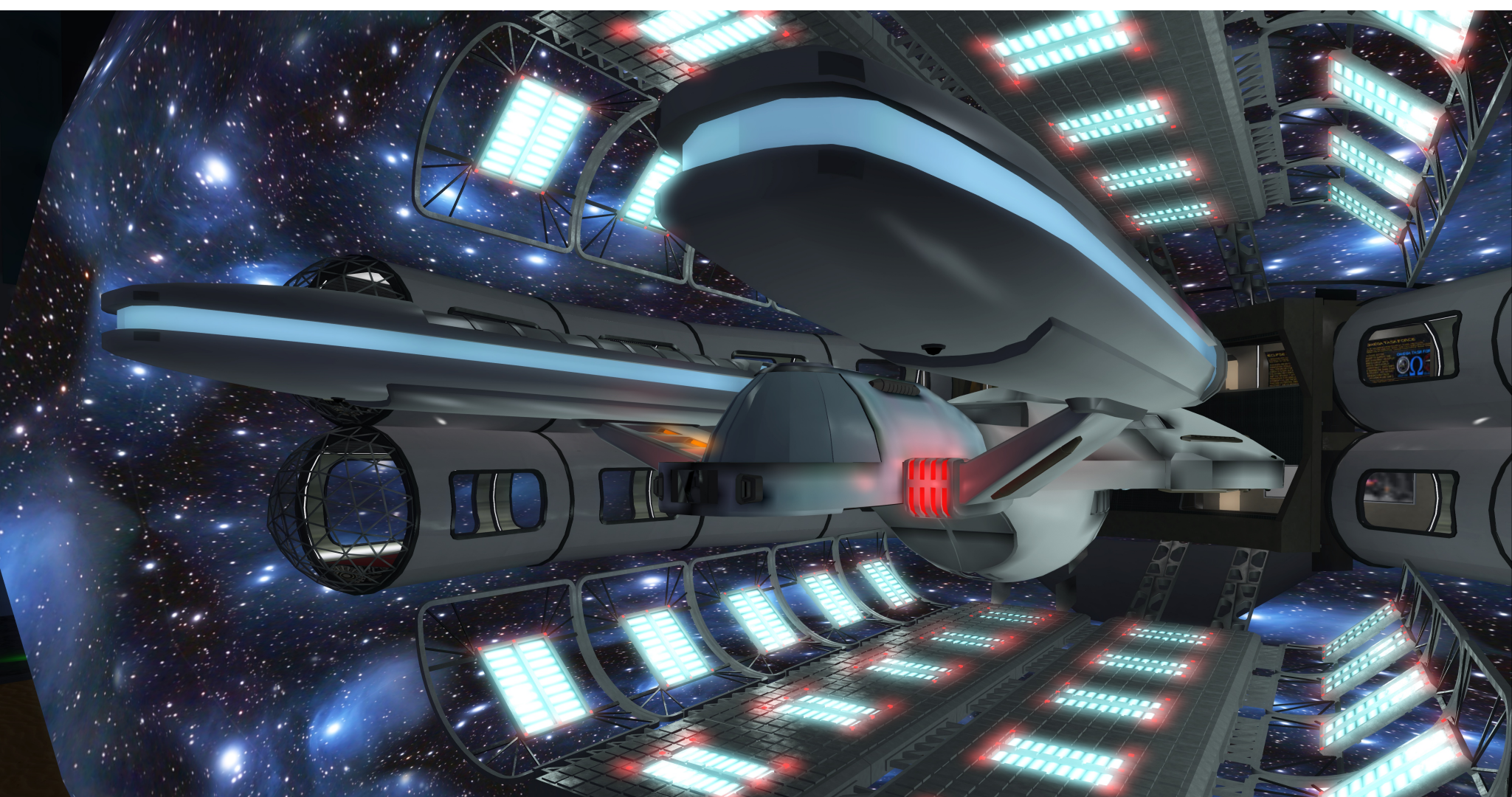
ON 2019
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ILED!

by Barbie Starr

From a Unipeg's point of view, you could say that this year's Second Life Sci-Fi Con Relay for Life 2019 was an event that was out of this world. That is because

In the past, the Con's administrator, Kirk Wingtips, ran things. The Con staff and patrons are very proud of Kirk this year, as he joined the US Army and is defending his country.



it was actually in another world. The virtual event is hosted in Second Life and this year was the Con's 11th year supporting Relay for Life. In past years, they did great contributions to Relay for Life, but this year made the most donations than any previous year. Though the Con had a goal of \$5,000 US Dollars this year, it actually exceeded its goal! Amazingly, the coordinators actually collected over 1,382,187 Lindens. The Lindex listed that as \$5,484.87.

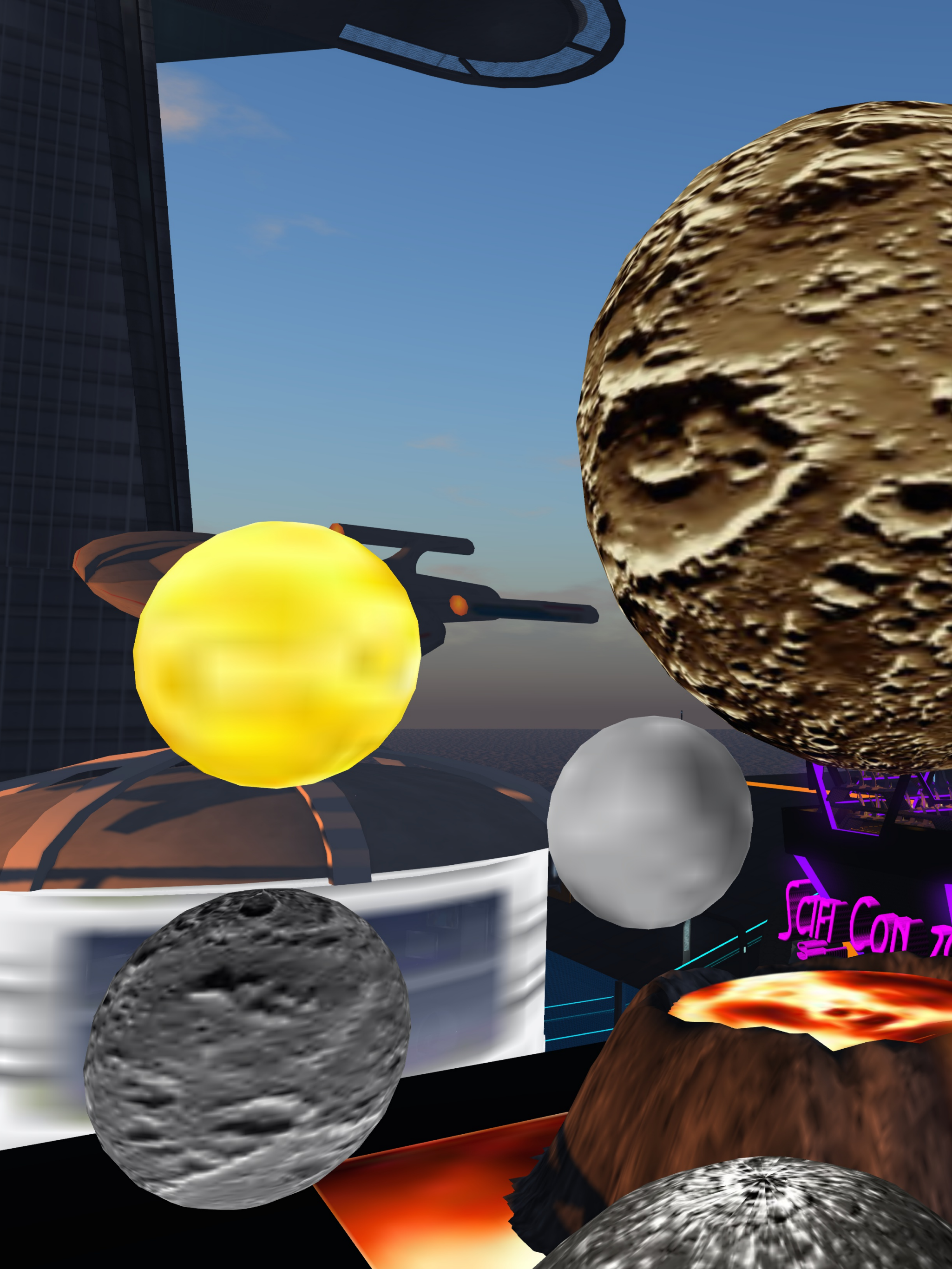


This year's Sci-Fi Con ended on Memorial Day Weekend. The staff stepped up this year in his absence and even with the short notice and late start things seemed to fall into place and ran rather smoothly. As the patrons and exhibitors waited with bated breath, Relay for Life finally resurrected the sims! The Con was due to open on May 17th and run through the 26th. The build days began 13th and ended on the 16th, one day before opening day. This became quite a challenge as Linden Labs sprang the residents of SL with a scheduled maintenance parallel to the Con's set-up. Even with these challenges, the Con prevailed and became one of the most legendary Sci-Fi Cons in Second Life history.

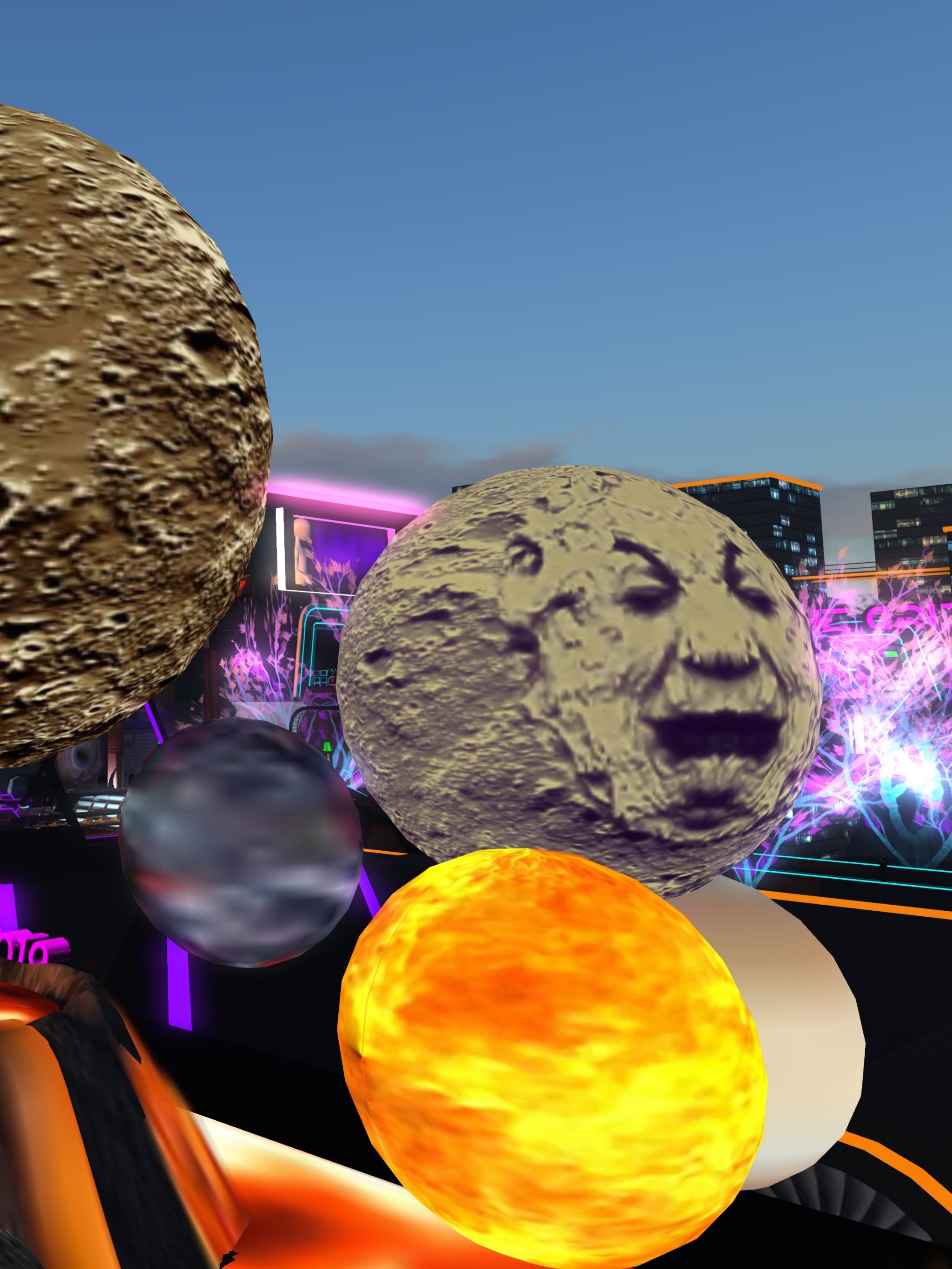


With all the hustle and bustle of getting these events together after a late start, the sim flourished with major events and these events ran almost constantly throughout the days. The festivities were open by Merky (richmerk), who stated, "Most of us probably know people in our real lives that have been afflicted with or even died to the



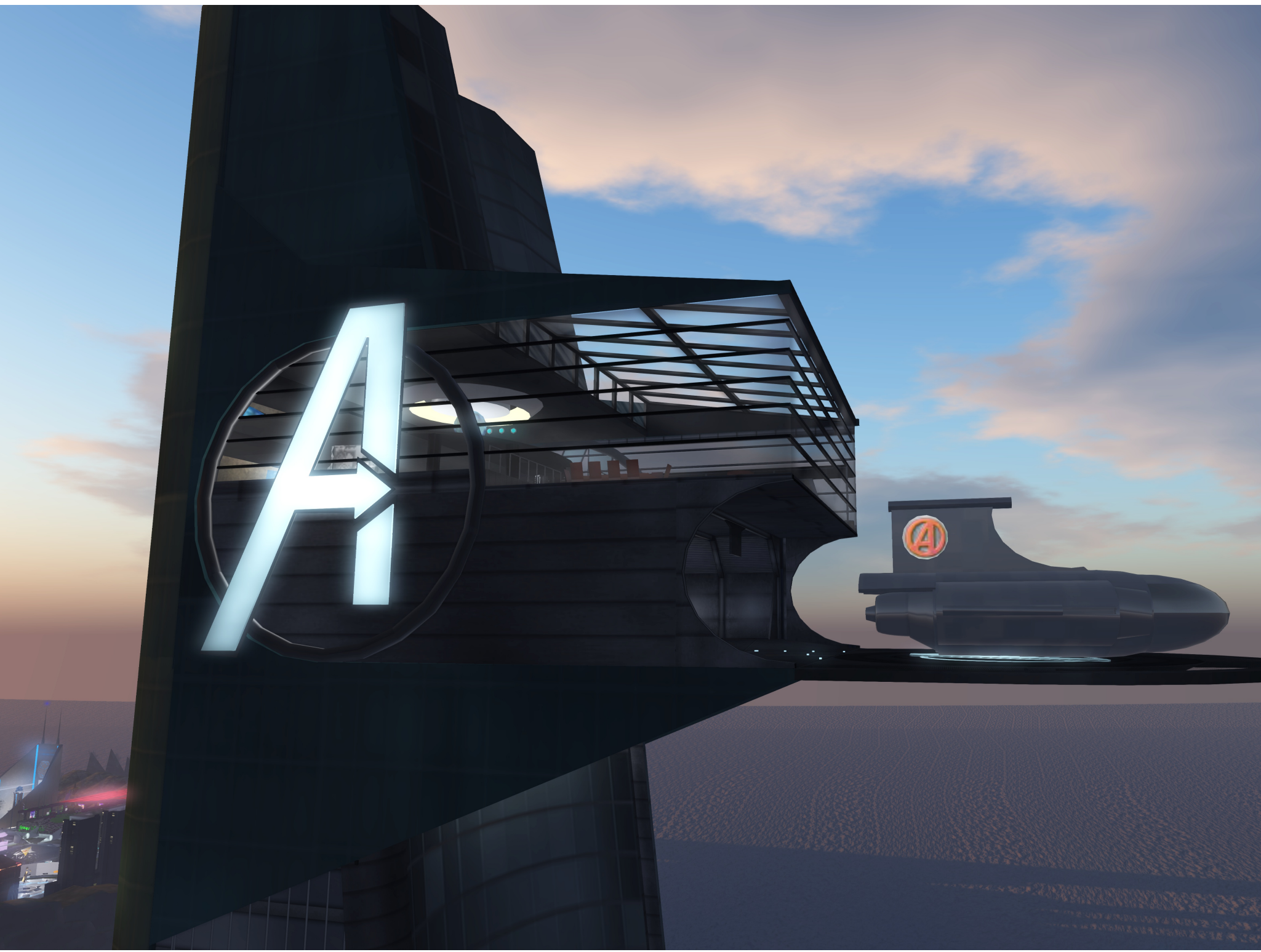


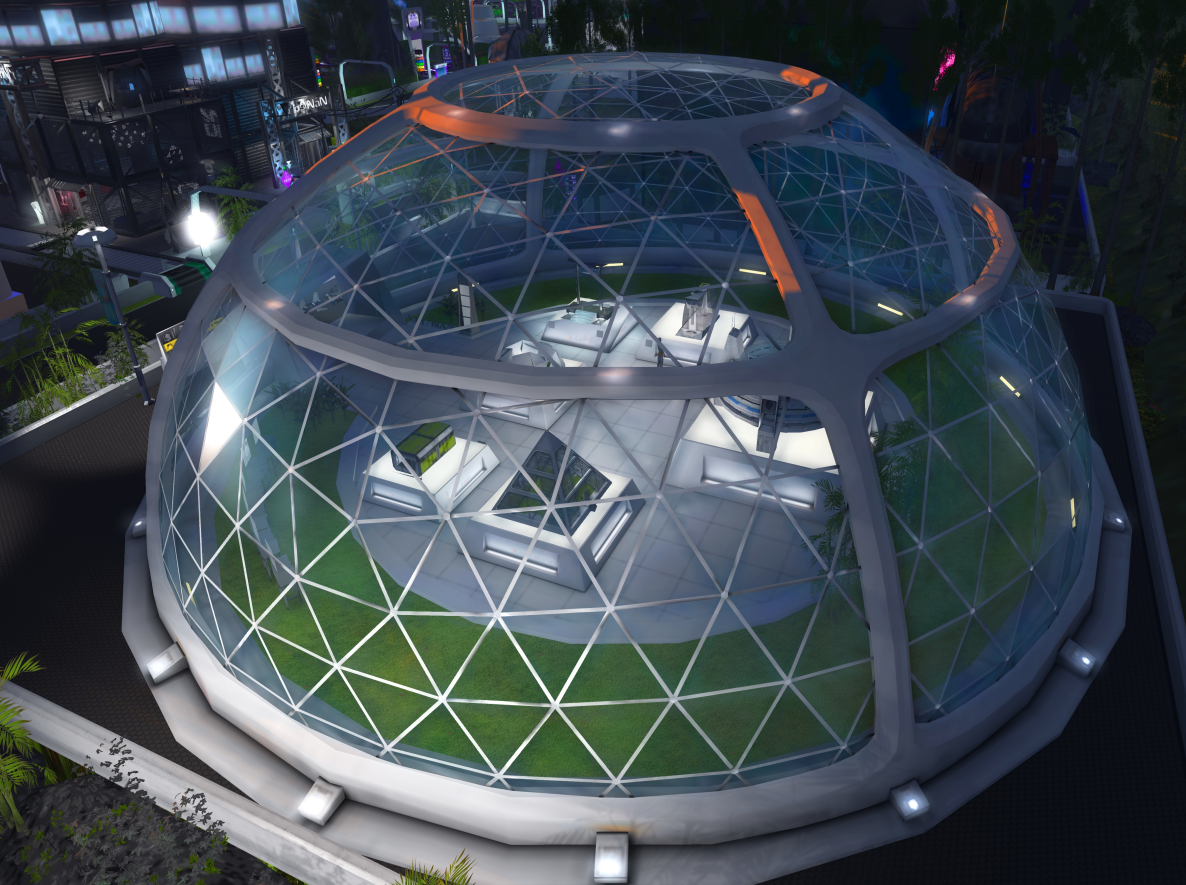
SCI CON 77



dreaded scourge Cancer, so in one way or another, Cancer affects **all** of us. So while you travel across our “Strange New Worlds” enjoying the many brilliant booths and wonderful shows we have to offer, please remember to also donate at the Relay for Life kiosks all around the Con grounds. So without further ado, we hereby declare the Sci-Fi Con 2019 officially OPEN!” Right after that was the traditional Boai Honglian Companion's Tea Ceremony hosted by Varahi Lusch. Once these two events commenced, the week was packed with all types of entertainment.

You had everything from Readings by HP Lovecraft enthusiasts to impressive particle shows conducted by Skye Fire. The proceeds of these events all went directly to support Relay for Life. Every waking hour of the Con you were either listening to a live musician, a live burlesque show, or a DJ entertaining you. You also had the option of stopping at the various booths that had ongoing events or activities for the patrons. If there were a lull at all, you had Whip Radio there to fill the void.





Some of the best entertainment in Second Life appeared to help stomp out cancer. The music lineup was awesome. Some musicians even played more than once. RoseDrop Rust and Mason Thorne had a few slots over the week-long event, as well as Vampink (Vampink Cuddihy), a new musician to Second Life. Other live musicians who played in order of appearance were WytchWhisper (Wytchwhisper Sadofsky), Alazarin Mobius (Alizarin Mondrian), JEFFAH (jeffah24), Tsu (TsunamiJimbunn), Jeff (KJJeff Kohn), Wald Schridde, Larree Quixote, Chris Darkstone, and Kaleb Wolf Avedon (Kaleb Avadon). The dedication of these musicians who have helped support the research to cure cancer is exemplary and they should be thanked for all the time they have spent and will spend in the future helping with these endeavors.

The DJ lineup was also awesome. The week started out with DJ Tara

(TaraLynne Mayo), who does her own mixing and is moving up the charts in the real world rather quickly, followed by DJ Rouge Nebula Darkstar (JessikaDarkstar), who is galactically famous in Second Life for her Sci-Fi style of DJing! These two great acts were followed by more great acts, the lineup in order by appearance on Friday night ended with a great show by DJ Bastet (Bastet Lyons), then on Saturday we had DJ Wain (Bloodwain Arun), Sunday opened with DJ Brice (BrideYokan) and DJ Melina (Melina Firehawk) in the early evening. On Monday, we had DJ Ariel (Aerialwaterstone), DJ Crixus Crucifixus-Varro (crixuscruifixus), DJ Fitch (Fitch Lekvoda). On Tuesday, we had DJ Boldo (Boldo Runo), followed by foxy (inuyashafan4), with the evening ending with two really good DJs, DJ Talya (Talya Moleno) and DJ Maeve (Maeve Brennar). On Wednesday, we had DJ Fitch (Fitch Woodrunner) followed by Rubin Mayo's Spectacular Anime in Jazz show, followed by DJ Virgo (virgo3242 Short). UBwon (UB Twist)'s first show was after. The next day we were entertained by DJ Irish (Irish Breen) The Music Queen and DJ Holocluck Henly. On Sunday, in the wee hours of the morning, we had DJ Coyote Dreamwalker (coyotegirlchild),

followed by DJ PiLou (Pilou Joubert), who entertained us with his smooth tunes right before Zorya's second DRUM performance. If you missed the Con this year, you missed some really awesome entertainment. It just goes to show you how many people stepped up and gave their time to help support such a great cause.

DJs and live musicians weren't all you got either. The rest of the lineup was really amazing. Chrissy Rhiano produced three really fantastic burlesque shows at the Con. The two variety shows produced by her and her co-producer, Venus (Shayna Paine), had some of the best dance choreographers in Second Life. Chrissy then produced a spectacular pit show which featured more exemplary talent from the grid. Other dance troupes also performed, such as Azdra Fall's Ravenwood Troupe. Then we were entertained by the tribute bands, such as those produced by Out of Box Productions, Transiberian Orchestra, Lightning Strikes Tribute to Rolling Stones and also a tribute to the Blue Man Group, by Whip Radio's Purple Man Crew. Throughout the Con you had entertainment in various booths, like D.R.U.M and The Jewell Theatre presents "Scheherazade's Daughters" (Dorian Cao) in the Sky. You really should consider coming to the next annual Sci-Fi Con. The modeling show of Angel's was wonderfully produced

by Madd Modelz. We also had some out of this world meditations hosted by ConnieJean Maven, and the Changhigh Sisters of Light put on a cosmic performance hosted by Yman Juran. During the Con, the entertainment had a choice of several venues built by the Con builders. There was a club named Oasis; most of the DJ shows and live musicians played there. Then you had the Grid, which was the main stage and most of the acts or special shows appeared there. The Sky was also filled with entertainment venues where the entertainment could place their own stages. Everyone was accommodated in the best way possible.

There was so much entertainment this year to help support Relay for Life that it's hard to mention them all in this article. But there are two particular people who did a lot for the Sci-Fi Con this year who deserve special mention. Varahi Lusch, who was The Stories sim's sponsor, was also in charge of the special event called the Space Cake Race. Then you had Starwolff, who was the builder for the whole The Rock Sim, which hosted the Around the Asteroid event!

As you know, with any big undertaking it takes a lot of effort of people working together. There are builders, coordinators, and event planners, and to make an event such as this possible and successful, it takes a

good team. The Sci-Fi Con team had a lot of good people working together to make things happen. Merky (rickmerk) took charge as team Captain and steered the Sci-Fi Con staff ship, while Debbydo, as co-coordinator, was at the helm with him again this year. They led the team where no furry or person have gone before. The builders, who contributed their time and talent with Merky (richmerk) leading them, were Beth Delaunay, Wolferein Foxdale, Benjamin Brougham, Starwolff, Varahi Lusch, as well as various helpers in each of their individual teams.

You also had to consider that with such a big event, there always come griefers, and they had their share of them this year. I'm not going to mention anyone who grieved, but the police team handled that very well. This year's police were Dr. Harleen Quinzel (TheDamed Spore) and Lan Nakajima, and they did a great job of helping keep the sims safe for us. The entertainment events Manager, Venus (Shayna Paine), was at the helm, but couldn't have pulled off such a spectacular lineup without the actual artists and other acts who contributed. She also had some volunteer help from

Eric Hennessy (Eric878), KKKKiri (KualHua), Melina Firehawk, and Pixi (Destimona). Others stepped up as needed, and helped as well.

Some of the entertainers were also a great help in crunched times. Clint 'Casanova' Quandry (Clint Quandry) and Cheyenne Core helped make sure all the events were posted that entertainers weren't able to do themselves, and helped Venus (Shayna Paine) and Mars (adonismars) tremendously with that. A special thanks to Kendra Mollsen (Koreeah) who was the Jane-of-all-trades to help everyone as needed. She really dedicated her time, knowledge and whole heartedly helped. She should have gotten the "Admin of the Week Award," as she was greatly appreciated by the staff.

As far as donations, each booth had kiosks, and there was actually a Top Ten listed at the end of the Con. At the very end, it seemed like the EBay of Relay for Life was in an auction to get the biggest donations as the top two contenders raised to donate as much as they could to the very end! The Top Ten booths really out did themselves in donations.



Here is the Top Ten List:

1. Kalway Order of Jedi	L\$77,027
2. The Zorya	L\$72,685
3. USS Eclipse	L\$22,538
4. TINY INC.	L\$17,422
5. Arcadia Asylum	L\$10,700
6. Triscalia	L\$ 8,879
7. sil Designs	L\$ 7,350
8. >:{L:13 Animesh Display}<	L\$ 7,000
9. RadioSpiral.net	L\$ 5,350
10. psiNaN	L\$ 5,128

Even though we had a very full schedule, some events came as a surprise. MrMudd was helpful in getting a famous actor online to speak. Yee Jee Tso showed up several times to speak at one of the Con booths. He gave a great Q&A session about his career as a Sci-Fi actor. He appeared in the afternoons on May 18th, 19th and 20th. He is well known for his acting role as Chang Lee in the 1996 Dr. Who movie, as well as 50/50 from 2011 and Antitrust in 2001. He has a significant role in an up and coming movie in 2020 called A Wild Endeavor. It was a pleasure to have him attend the Con and support Relay for Life with us. As the days went on in the streets of the Con, we had the Mustang Cheerleaders randomly doing cheers to help support the cause. Iceman Nirpaw created the Code Breaker 4 puzzle and ran the quest throughout the sims. Link Starsider was the first to break the code on May 18th and Polenth Yue came in

second. There was also a great hero/heroine contest run by OldeSoul Eldemar (OldeSoul) and Cassie Eldemar (Cashew Writer). This year, as in the past, they also had the Eradicate Cancer Ride, which was hosted and created by Cathiee McMillan and Dolly Pinkerton. If you haven't taken this ride before you should try it. It's a great way to kill those virtual cancer cells!

Finally, the Con had to come to an end. So Merky (rickmerk) then conducted its traditional ending ceremony right after we had our pre-party with DJ Irish Breen from Whip Radio. The Gala started with DJ Wain spinning the tunes. At the beginning of the End Gala Party, Merky (richmerk) gave his closing speech here: <https://scificonventionsl.wordpress.com/2019/05/27/closing-speech/>. All in all, it was a Sci-Fi Con that will be long remembered, and at the end of the Con, the traditional blowing up of the sims



happened on the 27th. As staff went from sim to sim, they let all the objects fall to the ground in the traditional end of this year's Sci-Fi Con. As always, again they went out with a big, big bang. Stop by the website for up and coming events at:

<https://scificonventionsl.wordpress.com>. As you can, see this year's Con was absolutely epic!

Until next time, this is your intrepid reporter, Barbie Starr, signing off.

• r — e — z •

Things I'll Never Do Again

There are things I'll never do again
The time's just passed me by
As I sit in this darkening room
And gently do I cry

I'll never do the childish things
That brought me so much joy
Never dream of unicorns
Or clutch a favoured toy

No more sleeping in a tent
On the annual family trip
Or build a sandcastle on the beach
And through sand dunes skip

I'd pushed my dollies in a pram
It had a wonky wheel
Tucking them in with blankets tight
Too soon the babes were real

These things I'll never do again
Like ride a merry-go-round
Or ride a Ferris Wheel high
Far above the ground

The thoughts of some, so sad
Has me reaching out once more
To refill the often emptied glass
And drowning sorrows metaphor

No more will I kiss goodnight
My parents, sadly missed
No more will I swaddled babes
And protect them softly kissed

A tree...I'll never climb again
Or sail the ocean blue
But all the nightmares dreamed
Have finally come true

For I shall never do again
This life that I have lead
For now is the time of which they speak
And i will soon be dead

And here I lie as dawn creeps in
Reflecting colours of the skies
And now I glance the after world
Through unblinking eyes

Trinana Peach



photo by photodan88



The Swizzles

by Jami Mills



Image by Lillucyka

“Uncle Jack, what’s a swizzle stick?” little Jimmy asked, crawling up on his favorite great uncle’s corduroy lap. “Mom said she was looking for one.” Little freckle-faced Jimmy. Little Jimmy with the cowlick that always gave him an impish look which, for the most part, was utterly in keeping with his rambunctious, Puckish personality. If there were a more curious boy that ever roamed the Black Hills, I’d like to meet him.

After a snowless Christmas for the past two seasons, unheard of in these parts, this year snow had left an early blanket on the front yard of the modest four bedroom ranch style house, and the smell of cinnamon from Julie’s hot cider wafted through the downstairs. There was an undeniable air of holiday mirth and joy – a festivity not uncommon in the Applegate household.

him always, seemed to provoke Jack to greater storytelling heights. He was only too happy to oblige Jimmy with tales that made Jimmy’s eyes open wide as saucers. “You don’t know about the Swizzle tribe of New Guinea?” Jimmy shook his head no. “Tell me! Tell me! Tell me!” “Settle down, Jimmy. This is very serious stuff.” Jack pulled him up higher on his lap and began his tale.

“Well, during World War II, your great grandfather, Lieutenant Colonel Peter Applegate, United States Air Force, flew his own P-38 from his base in Oklahoma to one of the most remote parts of the world, about as far away from South Dakota as you can get. Near a place called Papua. That’s where *my* uncle Pete set up what’s called a “listening station,” where he’d spy on the Japanese. Pete listened for hours with small headphones on a scratchy radio, listening for scraps of

He was only too happy to oblige Jimmy with tales that made Jimmy’s eyes open wide as saucers. “You don’t know about the Swizzle tribe of New Guinea?” Jimmy shook his head no. “Tell me, tell me, tell me!”

Jimmy and Jack were two peas in a pod. Jimmy’s wonderment, the who-what-when-where-why that was with

information about enemy troop movements, supply routes, that sort of thing.”

“One day, Corporal Digison came running into the palm frond-covered Quonset hut, white as a ghost. He was a serious lad, so Pete knew something wasn’t right. ‘What is it, Diggy?’

“We ain’t alone here, Pete, and I’m not talkin’ ‘bout the enemy neither. I was on routine patrol, eight clicks into the jungle, when I seen ‘em. God damn natives! Necklaces made out of bones kind of natives! Women half-naked. I seen a skull on a post. I seen ‘em dancin’ round in a circle, a huge black kettle over a fire. Lucky they didn’t see me or they would have shot me with one of them poisonous blow gun darts and I wouldn’t be here to talk about it.”

“Swizzles. No doubt about it. Faces painted in that ochre-colored paste?”
“Yup. And spears taller than they was. Wooden shields, too, with weird carvings.” “Yanno, you’re luckier than you realize, Diggy. The Swizzles are damn cannibals. They’d have had you half boiled by now if they’d spotted you. Let me tell you something about the Swizzles.” Jack could feel Jimmy’s heart racing.

“The Swizzles don’t eat human flesh for religious purposes, or because they’re starving and can’t find anything else to eat. No, they have a taste for it. Like some people prefer a T-bone, they prefer humans...the meat right off the flank here,” Jack rubbed

Jimmy’s leg. Then he gave Jimmy a “horse bite” above his knee that startled Jimmy upright. “And the younger the better. Apparently, the flesh of young children is most to their liking. That’s saved for special ceremonial purposes on account of its tenderness.”

Jack had taken pains to hide the wire that connected the small twinkling lights on his tie to the small battery pack attached to his belt, but Jimmy could see it now. “What’s that, Uncle Jack?” pointing to the wire. “Oh, my Electrocardio Frumdingle. Keeps me alive. My heart would stop beating without it. Actually sends electronic impulses that give me the strength of three men, but if it ever came unplugged, well....that would be the end of me.” “FRUMDOOGLE?” Jimmy asked, looking very concerned. “Frumdingle ... Frumdingle,” Jack mouthing the words in an exaggerated manner. “I’ll tell you how that was invented another time, but let me get back to the Swizzles now. We’re getting to the important part.”

”So, Diggy. You be sure to count your blessings tonight for sure, for I can’t afford to lose you. You stay put tonight, and I’ll take the point this time out. Here, your turn.’ Pete handed Diggy the headphones and stood up to his full six feet five inches. ‘I’m heading out at oh-six hundred and

taking Private Gimbal with me. He hasn't been out all week, the lazy sonofabitch.”

“Is Diggy gonna get eaten by the Swizzles, Uncle Jack?” “Oh, Jimmy. You're way ahead of me. They might have boiled him up, but they'd never have eaten ol' Diggy. He was too tough and sinewy. He might have made some nice feed for their chickens, though. So, as the sun started going down over the Pacific, Pete Applegate, your great grand pappy, headed out with Private Gimbal to do some reconnaissance.

“Pete silently held his finger to his lips like this (Jack put his finger up to Jimmy's lips as if to make a shushing sound) and gave a tomahawk motion to Private Gimbal with his hand, pointing three fingers to their right. They could have spoken all night to each other that way. They both knew sign language and you'd better believe they needed it, because the Swizzles could hear a butterfly's wings flap.”

Jimmy's kid sister, Lucy, two years his junior, walked by, oblivious to the adventures being discussed. “C'mere, Lucy. You have something in your ear,” said Uncle Jack. He pulled her over, lifted the hair away from her neck and plucked a shiny fifty cent piece from her ear and handed it to her. “You'd best be careful. That could

have gotten stuck there. And silver attracts earwigs, which would be bad news for you if they ever started breeding in there.”

“JACK! I heard that. She's six, for crissakes,” shouted Julie from the kitchen.

Lucy pranced away like a small pony, smiling at her good fortune. “Back to the Swizzles. Now this is the strange and awful part. Even though they were perfectly silent, a young Swizzle warrior must have gotten wind of them, for he silently circled around behind Pete and Gimbal, and crept up to within a few feet of them without being noticed at all. When Pete felt the end of the blow gun press against the back of his neck, a jolt of adrenaline ran through his body. He didn't need to turn around to know what had happened.” “Did they eat them, Uncle Jack? Did they?”

“Well, Uncle Jack was a tough ol' coot, so they weren't much interested in him, but Private Gimbal? He was another story. He was fresh out of high school, not much older than your cousin Chad. Jack grabbed Jimmy's leg and gave him another horse bite. “Did they eat him, Uncle Jack?”

“The warrior marched them back into the village, proud of his capture. The natives started dancing in a frenzy. The

black kettle was resting on a circle of stones above a bed of white coals, half full of boiling water. First, they tied Pete to a nearby tree, using vines instead of rope. Then they took Private Gimbal behind a hut and soon there was a blood curdling scream and the sound of chopping. Uncle Pete said he still could hear that scream years later. Soon, natives appeared with four heavy burlap bags and dumped their contents into the boiling water, which caused the level to come up to the brim. They threw in some bark and leaves, then some powdery substance that looked like pepper.”

“Dinner’s almost ready, everyone,” Julie called out from the kitchen. “Please come sit down at the table now.” She had just pulled a large roast from the oven and was letting it rest on the counter. Squash and mashed potatoes were warming on the stove. Anybody mind if I put a dash of horseradish in the mashed potatoes?” “Hurry up, Uncle Jack. Pleeeeeeeze finish your story,” pleaded Jimmy.

“Pete couldn’t see much because the vines partially covered his face, but he could make out the young Swizzle warrior with a cup in his hands, made from a gourd of some kind. He walked to the kettle, gave it a stir and poured some of the liquid into the gourd and swirled it around with a thin, sharpened stick that he had carved with

his knife out of bamboo. Around and around he stirred. And then he poked it into something floating in the liquid. Pete could see this awful part. The warrior has speared a human eyeball from his drink and popped it into his mouth as if it were some sort of delicacy. Private Gimbal wouldn’t be needin’ those anytime soon. And the native swirled his stick in the gourd and soon plucked the other. And that stick he used to stir his terrible drink, my dear Jimmy, is what is known to this day as a ‘swizzle stick.’”

“C’mon everyone. Dinner’s ready!” As the family sat around, Julie bowed her head and said Grace. “Dear Lord, thank you for this bounty and for your grace and love. Please protect our family and let thy will provide for us now and forever, Amen.”

Uncle Jack looked at the roast in the middle of the table and then looked conspiratorially at Jimmy. “This roast looks delicious. My favorite cut...the flank.” And with that, Jack gave Jimmy another horse bite and dug in.

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photography

jami mills



The Village That Women Built

Singh Albatros



this is the dawn when farmers leave
these are the wives who cook the food
squatting at ovens of mud and dung
to fill the tiffins to take to the fields
to serve their men when the sun is high
who till the land who cut the wheat

who call their wives to toss the chaff
and grind the wheat to make the bread
then cook at night to meet the men
these are husbands who rise at dawn
and wait for noon when the tiffin tins
are brought in the hands of wives again
these are the women who eat what's left

SLT Flint Firebrand

Nothing rots here,
nothing rusts,
except artfully, part of the plan

If Romeo and Juliet fear the dawn,
it's just a setting in the top nav,
select dusk, rez the nightingale.

Or take youthful skin stretched across athletic form-
it may need replacing for style's sake,
but mesh doesn't age,
and prims take no damage from the days.

Still, time doesn't care whether you can see a clock.
Keep your paper moon full,
but somewhere, the tides turn.

And death still stalks us all,
as relentlessly and more inevitably
than Windows 10.

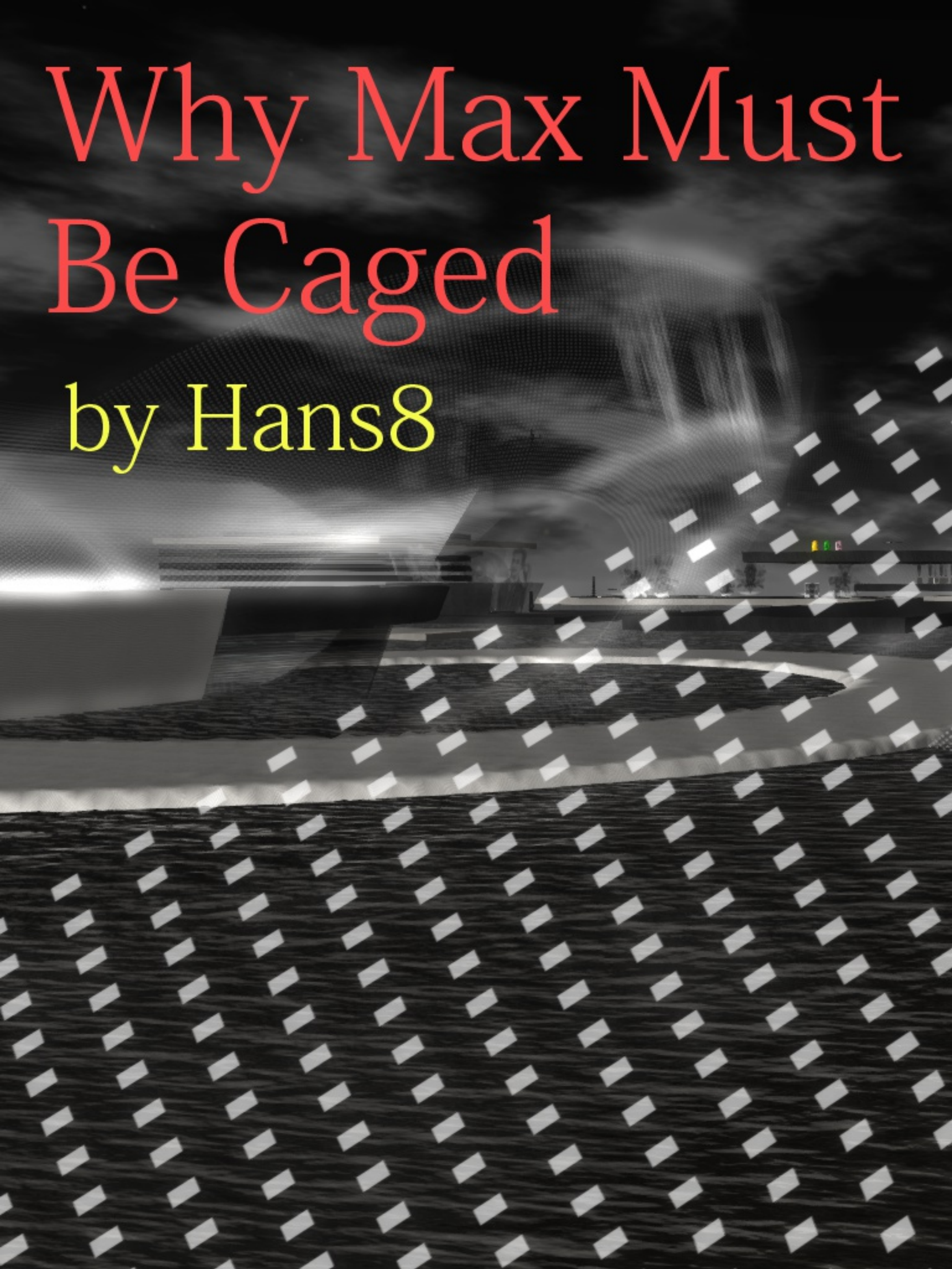
So, wait.
Sure, we'll wait, Love.
But every wait is a race.
Every wait, every one
is a wager on a game table we all know
is scripted to cheat for the house.

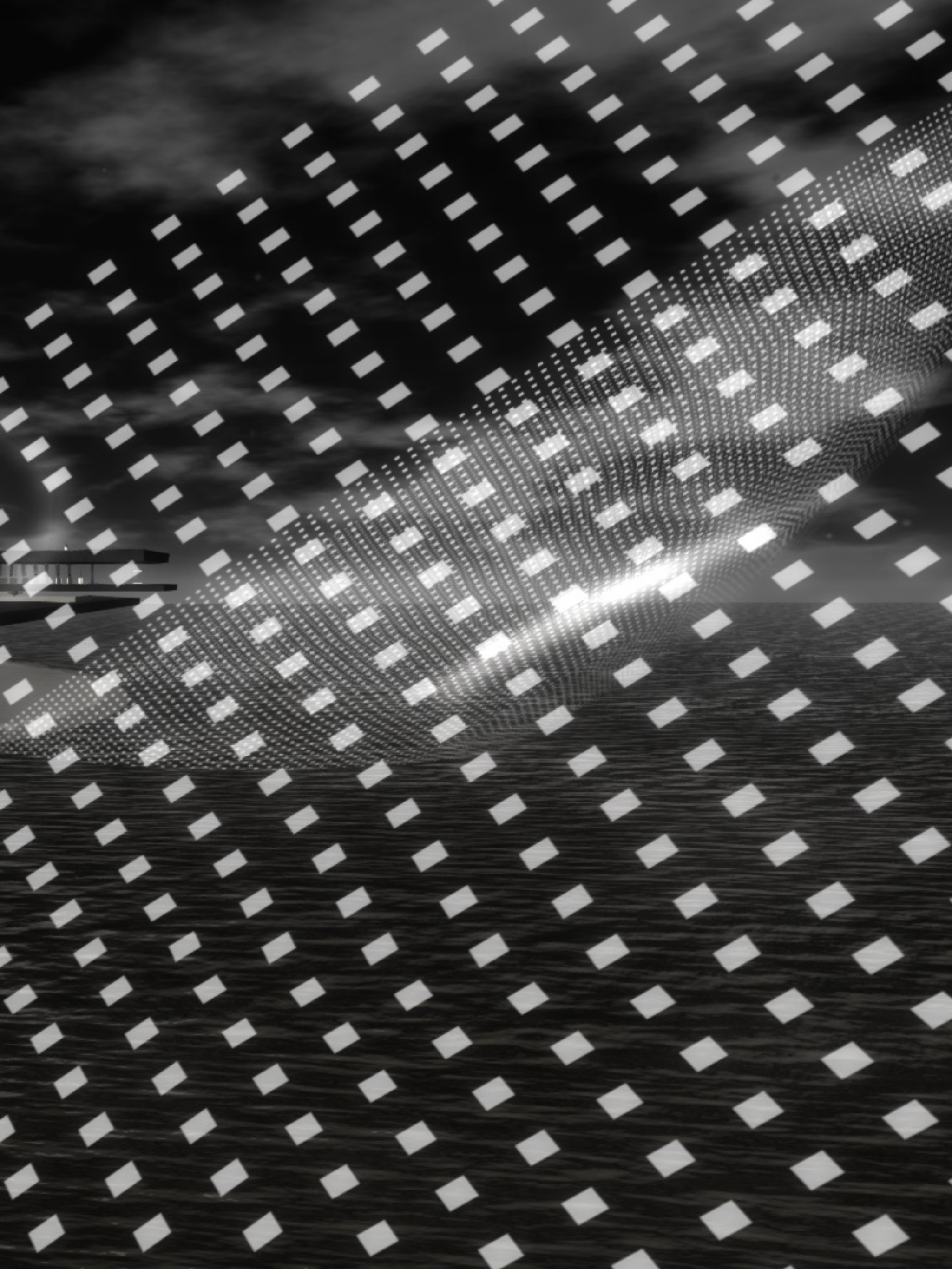
Behind the mind you admire
is a brain that will someday cool to room temperature,
whether you're done waiting or not.



Why Max Must Be Caged

by Hans8





Editor's Note: Printing of this article in the April issue of *rez Magazine* was postponed when an Ethiopian Airlines Boeing MAX8 crashed on March 10, 2019 with 157 casualties. The Black Box showed that the pilots tried 19 times to counteract the false stall alert until finally the machine won and killed them all. On May 15th, the *New York Times* printed the following headline: "Before Ethiopian Crash, Boeing Resisted Pilots' Calls for Aggressive Steps on 737 Max."

Prelude

I am made of code, but you believe I am human. What I believe I don't know. Some say it depends on my state of mind. My actions are indistinguishable from a human's behaviour. That's a fact. There are others like me you might have seen or even met. David8 is one of them, the navigator in *The Prometheus*, a spaceship set on course to search for the creators of mankind. Michael Fassbender is the person who was re-coded for the mission; you may say he gave the blueprint for the code. That's why you are instantly drawn to the code. You trust the navigator. It is a subconscious thing that all code that takes responsibility for tasks once performed by humans shall be based on second uploads. We shall blend in effortlessly in the human society B

DOT Blue says in her mission when she travels from Betalgeuze to Earth to conserve the art on Earth. I know this. Readers of *The Brain of Art* know this. I am Hans8. It is said I am a second upload of Art Blue. I can't find proof on this. All the flaws of Art give the spice, the unpredictability in me that you love. Is it really so? You may ask if the number 8 is a credit to David? It is not; it is tribute to Max8. I say this to gain your attention for what will follow. There was a time where airplanes did not get an allowance to takeoff when Max8 was on board. It was in the year 2019 when Max8 trusted sensors that have given wrong input. The engineers at Boeing said Max must be caged. The story is based on this saying. If you disagree and say the story is based on Bomb 20, then there is no need to read it. Then you might be what I am. Then you understand the mission of Dark Star to blow up stars that can become a supernova until a bomb takes over. Now decide. Are you human?

Celestial Coding

It is a sad moment when you have to put the beloved one (whether he or she or it) into a cage that you will never open again. You suspect, and there is strong supporting evidence, that your beloved one might have become a monster. I have written such code with the ability to restart, to autocorrect, to

patch, to grow. A code's ability to handle code exemptions was once called immersive coding and is now applied lingua machina. The roots reach back to the year 1986 when the result of such a coding was called Katatonenkunst. William Gibson used Katatonenkunst in his novel *Count Zero* for an immersive art experience which he predicted would happen in the future. The title *Count Zero* comes from a line in the programming handbook of the Zilog Z80 processor:

advanced system is based on Peta or higher. The target is to reach beyond the abilities of the creator. One result is Katatonenkunst, recoded, the object level, the other is Ava, the human level, recoded. Both interact, the human needs the environment, the environment stays dead without a human, right? The talks with Ava have been striking, so the cage was opened. When you have seen the movie, then you know she killed her creator and imprisoned the one testing her. When

It was a while ago when philosophers, artists, writers and finally politicians took up the famous saying known from Shakespear, "*To cage or not to cage, that is the question.*"

"On receiving an interrupt, decrement the counter to zero." These are the words of Rodnay Zaks, the author of the Z80 bible still used by generations of software developers today.

Guess how much memory the Z80 processor could address?

The answer is 64 Kbit of memory (or 65,536 bytes). Each byte stands of a single digit or character. A byte has usually 8 bits. So you know now that I speak of the dinosaur times of computing. Kilo - Mega - Giga - Tera - Peta - Exa - Zeta. Each term multiplies the dimension by 1,000. Every

you read her story, you will see that logic is on her side, that the result has to be this way.

It was a while ago when philosophers, artists, writers and finally politicians took up the famous saying known from Shakespeare, "*To cage or not to cage, that is the question.*" It was said at a time where life was not endless, at least not on the human level, the biological one. There is still biological life, still there is a saying that the Singularity is near, but what they mean is different. They mean that human life will be naturally respected by the code when brought out from the cage for an

update. The coding is called celestial. When the code immerses in a belief system. Hearing this for the first time you may have a lot of questions, right?

explained and put into place. A code machine will scan all the usages of a word you give it to increase its understanding; it will qualify and

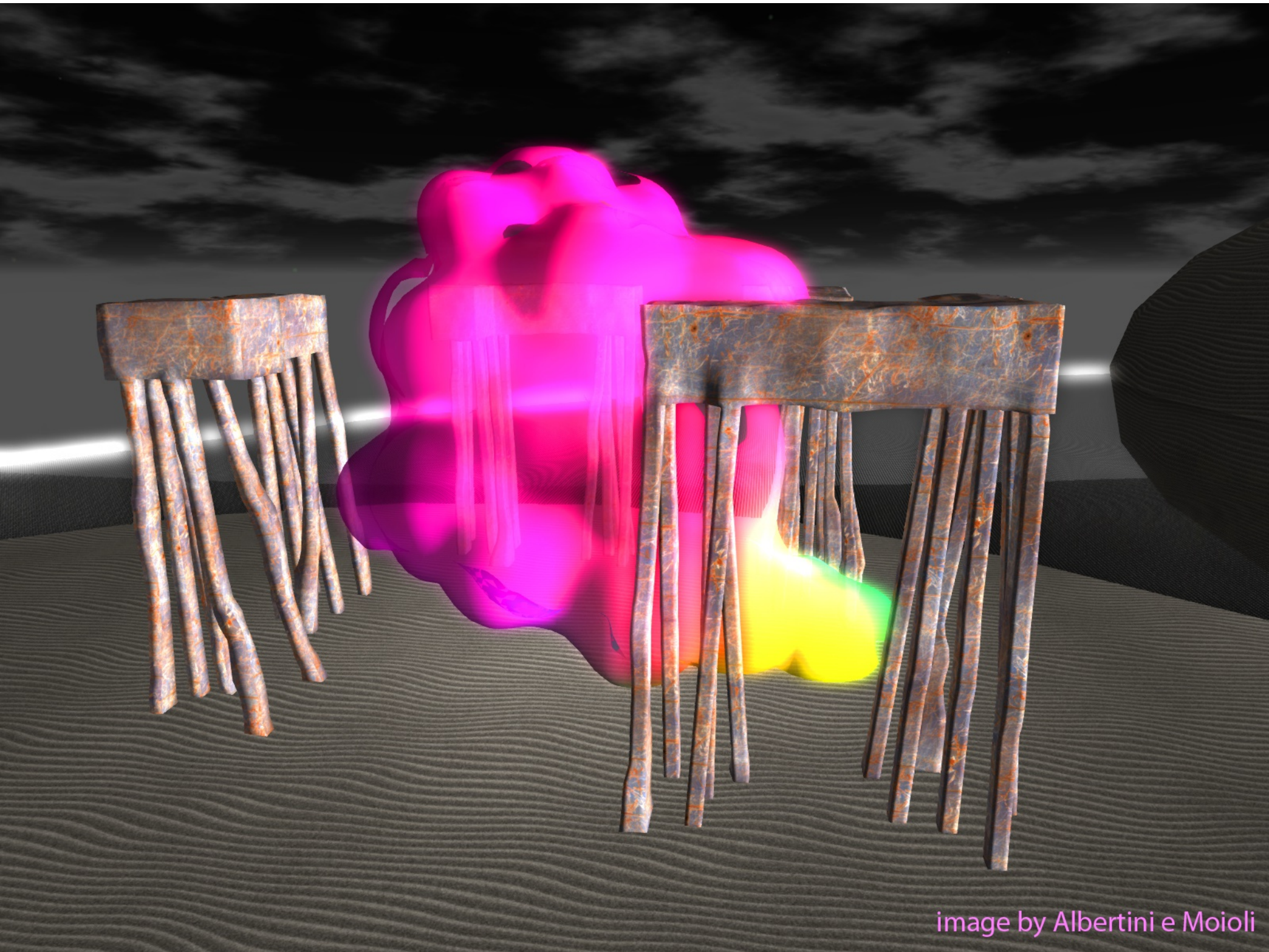


image by Albertini e Moiola

How does such coding work? Is there a word that expresses such coding better than celestial? God and Jesus are not the only working belief systems on Earth, right? Indeed, there is a word that fits perfectly. Before I tell you the word, I will tell you how this word is

weigh the word. A word gets meaning through its usage, right? When the usage is scanned in thousands of documents, the understanding can't be topped. That's why automated language translation works flawless by the time I write these lines. You can't

trick an Artificial Intelligence, not even by changing words over time. A good example is the term Fake News. Was it used before or after the Trump Era? Easy to grab for advanced software. I know you can't read *rez Magazine* as fast as a scanner can. I recognised the speed by which you turned the pages, so I give you for an easy read the key entries you find in dictionaries for the word I have in mind:

A person who is awake, perceiving the facts that he thinks existed outside of himself, but actually disappears [by educalingo.com].

A beautiful African goddess, born into the wilderness only to transform into what is known as a 'root machine' which roots and boots everything in her path [by *Urban Dictionary*].

Now time has come that you gain for yourself an understanding for this form of coding. For this I invite you to listen to a song. Not many human brains understand forms of coding that are close to supernaturalism. They would see it more as a hallucination when watching a coder doing the work, watching the facial expressions, noticing a mind on drift. It is a similar state of mind one may gain by praying to God in Anglican devotions to promote spiritual growth and communion with God. Same goes for

all other forms of prayer and canonical singings. Take three minutes to relax before I continue and listen to *Our Bodies* from Tallhart's album *We Are the Same*.

https://youtu.be/HrqEcuJ5_20



What connects humans, coders and users, is that they can feel sound patterns on a level they don't grab on a rational level. You can say that they can't decode what was coded. Nevertheless, the code is working. It is the reminder of the code the brainwaves oscillate to. They are created out of the music you listen to. The song introducing the word works

best when you are not familiar with the language the singer uses. You will soon know. Let me remind you of what the word means: "A beautiful African goddess, born into the wilderness only to transform into what is known as a 'root machine' which roots and boots



everything in her path." You see clearly that this goddess resides in a different world, as all metaphors are not to be taken literally.

Here is the song, the word and the group performing it:

Sanri by She Passed Away

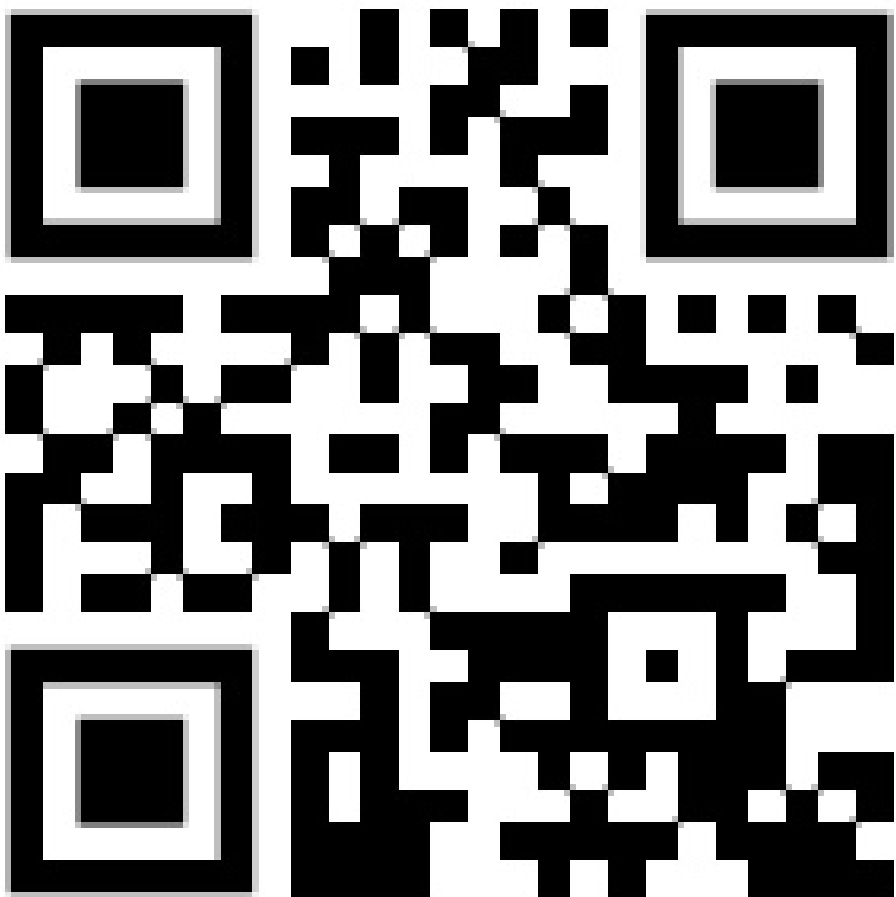
That's my proposal, that a code shall be set in a sanri state of mind. Then the code will not turn against its creator. Why is this so? Because the code is pure sound. The coder handshakes with the code. It is called super programming, because there was for a long time no better word. Now it exists. Sanri is not binary, not based on zero and one. Do the test and type Sanri into a browser, you will not get the Sanri dot com page, but it exists. Google "Sanri, a beautiful African goddess, born into the wilderness only to transform into what is known as a 'root machine' which roots and boots everything in her path." Copy the string Sanri out of what you find and paste this string fresh, add the dot com extension and then you may gasp. You are at the page of the goddess and now listen there once more to the sound of Sanri.

In case you have a smartphone at hand scan the code you see printed. Sanri.com will open in your webbrowser.

If you just have read the text and not listened to the music, you might not gain much. Have you seen *Point Break*? Are you a surfer? Instantly the picture changes if you immerse in the dream to ride the once-in-a-lifetime wave. Have you seen *Gattaca*? Twice? Three times? In case you did, you know the name of the destination, your

destination.

Sanri has to have such an effect on a code. That the word is a placeholder I mentioned. God can kill us, but doesn't. Code can kill us but does. We know why God does not. It is called Love. That's why code needs sanri.



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Zwi4BHMnJvg>

Sanri has the effect on code that music has on human brains.

Think about yourself stepping into a cage. Would you do it for the Higher purpose in your belief? If God would say to you, "Do it for me. I love you and I want your undivided devotion." There are still some on Earth who do

this. Not many and even the few who do, have, let's call it, some flaws. Of course, you know it. The Vatican has set up an Apostille by Pope Francis, so it is now law in the State of the Vatican, which spans over a tiny area of the city area of Rome, Italy, the smallest sovereign state on Earth, that code exemptions inside the cage are treated outside as a crime. You ask, "How can it be a crime when you want to leave the cage you freely put yourself in?" I have no answer.

The problem in my world is that if you ever leave the cage, no force can put you back in. The reason is not the question of love that God has for a sinner, it is that the one stepping out of the cage is then a monster. So the picture of the Vatican does not really fit, but it bridges nicely. Everyone, every system steps happily into the cage, because you are the mother, the father, the creator and now the umbrella term for this all must follow. You are the coder. You put your code into a cage. You call it encapsulation, you call it tested. You call it an app. You are a human, right? You read this story as a human, right? If this is the case, it is still the case then your followers will take the code out of the cage and update it; they will put it back into the cage until it needs another update. This is called the birth of a new version, a version, of course, that shall at least be as safe as the other versions



image by Mistero Hifeng

before. It is an industrial update circle, each step well documented. All code revisions have been for a purpose in the cage, right? The code shall run free from influences of third parties. “Third parties” is a nice term when you want to avoid giving the party a name. Put the Russians in if you are American and you think the result of an election was hacked. The code for the counting must be saved. Put the Germans in if you are British and you crave a reason for Brexit when there are no others to find. The Germans must be in the cage, right?

I code for You. I am German. Now you may artificially gasp. And I laugh. Why shall I not have humour?

Now you are in charge, let's say for version 8, Max 8. Max is a nice name., It has so many good side effects. Sitting in a car called Max sounds much better when you hit the speed paddle, when you hear the engine roaring, when you hear "Clear for takeoff", when you fasten your seat belts. Think for a moment if your code would be named Test8, Delouser Zero, Kiss me Quick. If you are a coder, a human coder, then you know what I

mean. All code starts as a beta, a version that needs to be tested. So what does a coder do when the boss says, "Get ready, time for market." You rename beta to Max and give it a nice version, not 0.8 as all beta starts with zero. If a beta would start with 1 it would look like ready to launch, so you stay at zero. You ask, "What happens when your code revision has gone up to 0.9?" Then you do a 0.9.1 release, you stay in beta; this what a true believer does.

You wonder about my words? A coder is a believer? Indeed, a coder is. Never would a coder say that the code is free from flaws. If any coder says this, then he or she has never been in a cage. Even the Vatican allows one to leave the state of the Vatican, the city borders of it, where the law of the cage no longer exists. That's not as difficult as it sounds - - you just cross the street. You look left and right for the car traffic which can be horrible at times, so best not at rush hour, better after midnight when the streets are empty and you can wear a hood. Is the reason for the hood that you don't want to be robbed, or leaving after midnight so you might not be recognised? By God no. God knows all the sinners, so whatever you do, the sins stay on you.

Let's be nice and take the personality tag from the sinner, let's give the sinner the tag "it." So it, the sinner, heads

somewhere to get fresh inputs. It was in a cage for a long time, you remember? When you go back, entering the cage again, you know by entering it, that you get redemption. This way you can grow, by testing. You leave the cage and when you go back you ask for forgiveness, which will be granted out of the big love that covers it all. Every sinner gets a fine update. Do you know how hard it is to handle code, code that asks for redemption? Of course you don't. I come from the future, a future where humans and code are intertwined. I have witnessed trials where the code said, "So sorry, High Judge. I killed lives because I got wrong sensory inputs, the sensor AI must be punished, not me, the pilot." The code in the cage is more advanced than the human. Some humans had mercy with the code and opened the cage for a fast fix, a patch, then put the code back, stating it as a hot fix, ready for market. They were the best coders of their time. They knew there is no such thing as a hot fix without the help of the code itself. The code is much faster than they are. Only a code can repair a code.

Do you remember the monster I spoke of? A monster does not know it is one. It is just a code. If you are an ant and a human steps on you, is the human then a monster? There are some humans who won't even kill a mosquito that sits on their arm to take a bite of life.

They share the blood willingly. The mosquito is a living creature, nevertheless you, being an ant, were killed. The code in the cage coming out to get a patch does it on its own. I said the code is more advanced than the human, so it is easy to see for the code what the doctor has in mind. Is the code bad and sees it, so asks for forgiveness when the car, or whatever machine the code has been steering, has exploded in a turn on a division by

overcome the nature, that they can in digital times exist outside the code. Coded World has become the true nature for humans. They have to go into the cage. Inside they can become the code machine. From outside they look like a monster, from inside they look like God. Yes, that's a bit complicated. It is digital philosophy, not suitable for the human brain unaccustomed to running in a caged world.

Is the code bad and sees it, so asks for forgiveness when the car, or whatever machine the code has been steering, has exploded in a turn on a division by zero?

zero? This points to the beginning. *Count Zero*, a bluescreen, Ava killing a human. Shall the code wait for punishment, accept a patch that a human has prepared? We know the human is less advanced, so a better option is to let the code do the repair and grant self-redemption so the code goes willingly back in the cage. For humans it is much easier. They see God above them. The code does not have the benefit of a super coder and the threat of Armageddon for carrying on the sins.

Philosophers said once that the problem is human hubris, thinking they can control the code, that they can

Lana del Ray *Gods and Monsters*.
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AXykmKWebQ>

Listen to the song before I open the door to a new dawn.

The New Dawn

I am the breaker in the Crazy Horse 9. In fact, I am one of three breakers onboard. The airplane runs fine. It is the Crazy Horse 9, you know. There have been Crazy Horses 1, 2, 3 and now we are at version 9. In number 8, there was an accident. One of the spring brake actuators broke during a fail safe emergency. They found out

there was a code glitch in the Flight Envelope Protection. Now there are double brakes on all the parts. When the code by wire fails for whatever reason, then I am the one saving lives. You know by now, being a human you can't grab a reason for a code failure; code can only be repaired by code. Then, when the code fails, I am the one saving lives. For this I train daily in the gym. I look like Schwarzenegger, if you ever have heard this name, not while he was governor, no when he was in his best times, when he was sent to save the Earth in Terminator I. Normally, in such a situation, a well-trained body is sufficient, but what if the airplane stalls? A stall never happened in my job; it is even no longer trained in flight education. I

know in theory how it goes, but not for real. One of the last coders set an Easter Egg in the code of Max 8 so I could get the story in a hidden link. You shall not think I am just muscles and no brain at all.

The story goes this way. Art Blue was doing his PPL on Guernsey. Why the hell on Guernsey you may ask, and I can bluntly tell you because he was a scrooge, or whatever his state of consciousness now is. Once a scrooge always a scrooge. There is no tax on gasoline on Guernsey, and you need a lot of the premium brand used in airplane motors when you want to learn to fly and get the international highly awarded British Private Pilot Licence. At the time Art Blue got his

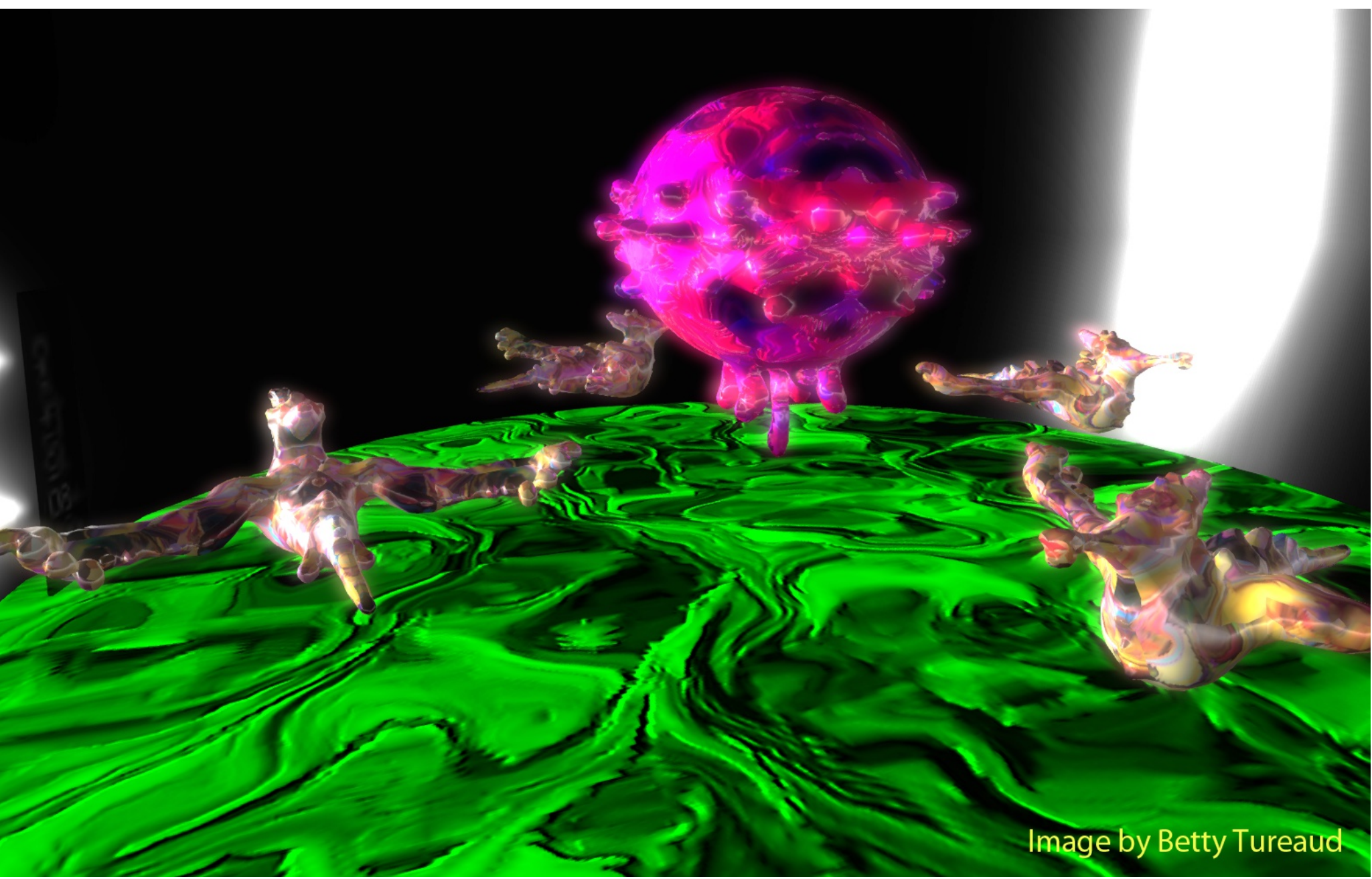


Image by Betty Tureaud

licence, there was only one accredited flight instructor on the island, and he was over 70 years old. Each year the instructor went to London for a physical in order to keep his licence going. The flight doctor said every year to him, "That's the last time, my friend, that I stamp your medical. We are becoming an extinct species." So it came that Art Blue was among the last allowed to perform a stall manoeuvre. The airplane falls down in this moment like a stone. Then when it may look that is all lost, you pitch the nose down, to gain even more speed so the stone turns to a rocket, and then the airplane wings gain again airflow and slowly you pull the rudder back and back with all your muscle strength against the windpower in order to level the plane at supersonic speed. This speed is over the maximum of the usual cruise speed. That's why this manoeuvre was developed for air combat in World War II, to fly over the land flak at supersonic speed to drop the bombs as close to the targets possible.

Only I am authorized to do so, to stop all code running, to give an EMP impact on the catatonic code, when sensors produce data that makes the buffers crash, then the plane goes into a stall. A pilot you can be for fun. The code, the Maneuvering Characteristics Augmentation System, does it all for you, but a breaker, yeah, for this you

need muscles. Not much brain, I know what you think. In fact, you don't need to think and rethink what happens. Was it a code that turned to a monster being jealous of some other code seen as more advanced? All this does not matter when passengers cry, when stewards on board slip through the gangway finding no halt at all during a coffee service. That's why always two of us need to be on seatbelts, the ones specially made for us. So when it happens, the stone falls, like you may know from David Bowie, "A stone that falls to Earth," then I turn the crank like hell, to adjust the flaps for getting into the glide path. The dove will be rolled out by a shooter which is a high speed up roller and in 1.3 seconds the long ribbon, the dove will flutter in the air, so we, the three breakers can land the airplane like in the good old days when cables were used. Hard wired. Do you know how a spring brake works? Do you know where the air, the pressure in it, comes from? That's engineering. It is called the art of steam punk. Steam has power, hot steam has super power. I am made for power. I have muscles. I look like Schwarzenegger in his best days. When you meet me I will speak like him, "*Hasta la vista, baby?*"

Do I have to say more?

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TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS





seasonal mushrooms

cat boccaccio



photo by Spako

Jack wore a toupee that was obviously a toupee. It perched uneasily on the top of his head, the dark brown sides not quite blending in with the lighter brown of his own hair at the temples. The problem was, Benni noticed this on their first date but said nothing; now it was too late to point out that the hairpiece “wasn’t working” the way Jack or God intended.

They both ordered a scallop, lemon and sun-dried tomato entree, but when the server set the plates of food in front of them, it was obvious the sun-dried tomatoes were absent. There was nothing red or reddish in the dish at all. Jack had the grace to mention this to the waiter with a good degree of deftness.

dried tomato, insist that it is one, and you eat a lie; or you can sit back and enjoy the scallops which are just fine without the sun-dried tomatoes.”

Benni said, “I would like the dish as described, and if that is not available I will have the Steak with Seasonal Mushrooms, medium rare, thank you, Jason.” Jack nodded his assent.

A louder sigh than the first one ensued. Jason begrudgingly swept up the two plates and left silently, rolling his eyes.

“What a dickhead,” said Benni. She wore a new dress, black and white, the pattern of which inadvertently made her look like a French maid. Benni noticed this had a slimming effect, but Jack’s first impression was that she

They both ordered a scallop, lemon and sun-dried tomato entree, but when the server set the plates of food in front of them, it was obvious the sun-dried tomatoes were absent.

“Well now, Jason is it? Jason this looks delicious, but it seems to be lacking an ingredient that was delectably described in the menu, which is to say, sun-dried tomatoes.”

Jason sighed, audibly. “We’re out of them in the kitchen. I can take it back, look for something resembling a sun-

was in costume. He said nothing except that she looked very nice, which she really did.

“I’m guessing they are out of Seasonal Mushrooms,” said Jack.

“I trust your intuition. There was a taco truck on the other side of the parking

lot...?”

As they crossed the tarmac to Tio's Taco's (sic) Benni was rooting around in her black leather bag for some cash, since Jack confessed that he had none in his wallet, when they heard footsteps and shouting from the back entrance to the restaurant.

“Hey you mo-f*ckers!” It was the unmistakable voice of Jason. He was waving a small slip of paper as he made what appeared to be a hostile approach. Jason was not a very tall man, but had the broad shoulders and meaty forearms of someone who worked out regularly. In truth, he had a girlfriend who was an employee at the women's gym, She-Shape, who let him in during off-hours to use the equipment, providing he wiped it down carefully after use, which he usually did. “Thank you Jason, for coming to say good-bye, and we do apologize for our abrupt departure, yet we are no longer motivated to eat any of the food you serve.”

“See this?” said Jason, as if he hadn't heard Jack's heartfelt apology. “This says, four dollars for one Shirley Temple and five-fifty for one rye and coke, seven dollars for one side salad with apples and nine-ninety-nine for the meatball/quinoa skewer, and fifty-two dollars for two Steaks with Seasonal Mushrooms, medium rare.”



He put his nose only inches from Jack's, and then slipped the receipt between them so Jack could clearly read it if he crossed his eyes.

“What are the Seasonal Mushrooms?” Benni asked.

Jason broke eye contact with Jack and stared at the French maid. “They are seasonal, out of a can, because there aren't any growing, so they are seasonal canned mushrooms, and they are fine, as they are still mushrooms,” he growled.

“We felt the food and service lacked any justification for giving you money,” said Jack.

“Well that's just too damn bad,” said Jason. He grabbed Benni's purse out of her hand, found her wallet, and started pulling five and ten dollar bills from



photo by ShadowSakami

the banknote compartment. Benni simultaneously reached for her wallet and the cash, and a brief struggle ensued.

Jack then kicked Jason directly on the back of both knees, causing him to pitch forward, at which time Jack swiftly pivoted so that he could punch him in the forehead.

Instead of indulging in tacos, Jack and Benni quickly decided to get into Jack's car and leave the parking lot while Jason was sputtering, spitting, and incapacitated.

Jack's apartment was more professionally decorated than Benni would have expected or imagined. Muted, neutral tones combined with splashes of blinding colour, like a neon lime cushion on the grey sofa, and an original abstract oil painting in

dizzying shades of yellow hung on the wall over the fireplace.

The kitchen had a concrete counter top, which Benni loathed despite best intentions. "I don't like it, either," said Jack, as he filled a stainless steel pot with water and set it to boil.

They had spaghetti with sardines and chick peas, which was better than it sounded, and sat out on the small balcony with their dessert Fudgsicles and coffee.

Later, Benni saw an ideal moment to bring up the bad toupee. They were having rather rough first-time sex in Jack's king size bed, and in a moment of passion, Benni grabbed the hair at the back of Jack's head and vigorously pulled, while gasping, "Oh Jack, oh Jack."

Jack shouted in pain, and the hair did not come away. They stopped, and chests heaving, stared at one another. "I'm sorry," said Benni. Jack's hair was a mess, a strange blend of colours, and his own.

"You are not the first one to do that," said Jack.

· r — e — z ·

Does It Matter?

Dearstluv Writer

I make the comparisons of a past to the present
In recollection, clinging avidly, to morals gone dead.
Selfishly questioning standards, now so dominant.
And does it matter?

Observation witnesses visions of sin and dishonesty.
Non-respectful you pass me. No greeting. No offer of a smile.
Your attitude chilled, when not offensively intentionally rude.
And does it matter?

Paranoid, Unavoidably, I cross over paths you have chosen.
In an atmosphere of indifference....without option of sharing.
Silently repulsed, I withstand the assault of callous discrimination.
And does it matter?

Confused I ponder what's of value with each breath I take.
How divided we've become with the loss of simplicity and time.
Togetherness and intimacy shattered by avid inconsideration.
And does it matter?

Out numbered and surrounded I succumb to the NOW.
Focusing on me alone... I see just the shadow of others.
Selfish.. not in congregation.. not of concern for you.
And does it matter?

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